

*The Chronicle History*

*Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes, and a boy.*

*Host.* I prethee sweet heart,  
Let me bring thee so farre as *Stanes*;

*Pist.* No fur, no fur.

*Bar.* Well, sir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.

*Host.* I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,  
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,  
Betweene twelue and one,  
Iust at turning of the tide;  
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;  
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,  
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,  
I knew there was no way but one.

How now sir *Iohn*, quoth I?  
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,  
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,  
I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,  
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,  
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.  
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone.

*Nim.* They say he cride out on Sacke.

*Host.* I that he did.

*Boy.* And of women.

*Host.* No that he did not.

*Boy.* Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnate.

*Host.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

*Nim.* Well, he did cry out on women.

*Host.* Indeed he did in some sort handle women  
But then he was rumaticke,  
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.

*Boy.* Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand  
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule  
Burning in hell?

*Bard.*

*of Henry the first.*

*Bar.* Well, God be with him,

That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

*Nim.* Shall we shog off?

The king will be gone from *Southampton*.

*Pist.* Cleare vp thy cristals,

Looke to my chattels and my moucables;

Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:

Mens words are wafer cakes,

And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.

Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

Touch her soft lips and part.

*Bar.* Farewell hostesse.

*Nim.* I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it.

But adieu.

*Pist.* Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,  
and others.*

*King.* Now you Lords of *Orleance*,

Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,

You see the King of England is not slacke,

For he is footed on this Land already.

*Dolphin.* My gracious Lord,

Tis meere we all go forth,

And arme vs against the foe:

And view the weake and sickly parts of *France*:

But let vs do it with no shew of feare,

No with no more, then if we heard

England were troubled with a Morris dance.

For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,

Her scepter so fantastically borne,

So guided by a shallow humorous youth,

That feare attends her not.

*Con.* O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selfe;

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Question